

Animals

JANUARY

1956

"TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by David W. Corson
from A. Devaney, N. Y.



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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The New Year

ONCE again we wish our readers the happiest New Year that life's circumstances make possible. May the year 1956 be one of peace and harmony, not only in our country, but the world over.

Among those who read these words will be the many who have made possible the ever-broadening work of our two Societies, in behalf of those unfortunate creatures who are so little able to defend themselves from cruelty.

To those faithful and generous friends, whose gifts reach all the way from what they call a trifle, but which have meant sacrifice and self-denial, to those who out of greater abundance have aided us, and as Dr. Rowley has said, to those who, no longer here, have remembered us in the final distribution of their estates—we offer our sincerest, heartfelt gratitude.

We shall never forget that we are but their agents to carry out their purpose to lessen the suffering of defenseless animals and to widen by every possible means at our command the influence of those principles of justice and compassion which are the two great characteristics of humane education.

The yesterday of the cause we represent gives us courage to face tomorrow with larger hopes and faith in the future.

E. H. H.

Deed of Kindness

By Sister Frances

THE incident of the two baby hummingbirds, orphaned by the hurricane, has brought to mind a somewhat similar experience I had some years ago.

It occurred at Mountain View Farm in the Berkshires, near Lee, Massachusetts. A baby hummingbird fell from its nest and injured its wing. We picked it up and looked for its nest which we were unable to find, so we made it a haven on the porch of the farm house, so built that there it would be safe and that there the parent birds would be able to get to it if they wanted to. In the meantime, we fed him with sugar and water from a medicine dropper, lifting him from his haven on a twig on which he sat while eagerly swallowing the sweet liquid.

One day, while I was feeding him, I heard close to me the humming sound of wings. Hovering near the twig I held, on which perched the little creature, was its mother. I froze, I hardly breathed, I waited. She came. She fed him on the wing, a few inches from my hand, fearlessly as if I were not there. After this, it happened every day; she fed him from the top of his refuge or from my hand while I sat in the porch holding the twig with him on it.

Then, one day, the parents decided that the time had come for him to meet his sister. They brought her to a japonica bush, now in full bloom, which grew close to the house and we put him on a branch near her. His wing was getting well, it was stronger, but not yet strong enough for him to be able to fly.

One day he was blown away. We saw him go but, looking everywhere, we couldn't find him. He was lost in the flower garden, in the wilderness of phlox, of larkspur, poppies, lupins, lilies, so tiny that to find him seemed almost hopeless. All at once, he was there, quite close, his bright eyes fixed on me from the ground where he had fallen under a big peony bush.

His ruby throat was putting on color. His father, shy at first, was helping in the feeding of him, now. We watched them in the japonica bush until the day when our protection was no longer needed. The whole family had become quite tame. They seemed to belong to us and we to them. Then, one day, the japonica bush was empty — they had flown away.

Our First Friends

By Helene Hohensee

ONE of the earliest animals claimed to be domesticated was the dog. Next came the horse.

When America was discovered, no animal had been domesticated by the Indians of North America except the dog. The early North American Indian dogs were like the wolves of that region.

At the earliest known historical period several breeds are found existing, very unlike each other, and closely resembling those which we possess at present. A glance at any illustrated book on the Egyptian remains will show this. The ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans had several breeds of dogs. But long before the period of any historical records, the dog was domesticated in Europe. When Europeans first came to America, they brought the dog with them, but found that the Indians already had adopted certain species for themselves. There is no race in the world among whom the dog was so highly prized as with the original inhabitants of America.

Curiously enough, the habit of barking, which is almost universal with domestic dogs, does not characterize a single species of the family in the wild state. Climate appears to modify the forms and dispositions of dogs. It is for this reason that English hounds, when sent to India, rapidly decline in bodily constitution and characteristics; while bulldogs lost their pluck and ferocity after two or more generations, and even their underhung jaws.

It is curious, too, how long the dog retains the habits which tell of his wild ancestry. However well and regularly fed he may be, he often buries, like the fox, any superfluous food and he very seldom lies down without first turning around and around, as if to trample down sufficient grass to form a bed, just as his far-away ancestors used to do in their native forests.

It is interesting and true that at one time dogs were used as money in this country. Records show that "a hundred or more years ago the newly-settled farm lands were over-run with rats, weasels and other small animals, causing considerable damage to livestock and crops. There were almost no dogs to help rid the countryside of these marauders. Recognizing the value of dogs as pro-

tectors of the recently developed farming regions, the pioneers imported these animals over the long wagon trails. Trading their own supplies for these dogs and later on trading surplus dogs for goods they wished, dogs were actually used as a recognized medium of exchange."

The dog, then, has served a variety of purposes, as shepherd, watchdog, companion and household pet.

As to the horse, it seems that even long after men had begun to dwell in settled societies and founded cities, this later faithful servant was never used to help man in his search for food. All through the battles before Troy, the horse was never ridden by the Greeks. It seems that man had not yet discovered how to ride, for it was regarded as a beast of burden, useful only for drawing the chariots of that time.

Remains of the horse in a domesticated condition have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings belonging to the Neolithic period. The wild horses of the East are commonly supposed to be sprung from the escaped animals, and those in America to be descendants of the horses brought over by the Spanish conquerors.

He who is most impressed with the long ancestry of our domestic animals, is the least likely to behave cruelly toward them. He who acts cruelly toward them, himself retrogrades in the rank of creation—

"Puts off his generous nature, and to suit His manners with his fate, puts on the brute."

Tell-Tail

By Ernestine Coburn Beyer

*He's a whirlwind of devotion
Whose emotion never lags;
He's Perpetual Commotion!
He's a hurricane of wags!*

*Yet although he is ungainly
And a little bit absurd,
He declares, "I love you" plainly
Without uttering a word.*

*Oh, he vows with every antic
That his fervor will not fail—
My pup, who frankly frantic,
Wears his heart upon his tail!*



Trooper George F. Bowse with King and Princess of the Northampton barracks.

Those Canine Sleuths

By Agnes M. Dods

EVERYONE is familiar with the trim blue uniform of the Massachusetts State Trooper, but few realize that this department has several four-footed members, as well. These are the bloodhounds maintained at strategically located barracks throughout the State and today, it is not unusual to see a dog trailer being trundled along behind a police cruiser along Massachusetts highways as the troopers transport the animals to a chosen spot for training or to the site of an actual case.

The veteran of the force is Lieutenant Sid who was formerly owned by Dr. Leon F. Whitney, of Orange, Connecticut. When Dr. Whitney's work took him to Yale University, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was allowed to keep Sid as its own and a year or so later, Sadie was purchased from a kennel in Michigan.

On August 12, 1953, Sid and Sadie became the parents of thirteen puppies, eleven of which survived and became the nucleus of a state-wide police dog force. After several were assigned to barracks in Massachusetts others were sold to various state police organizations in New England.

According to Lt. Joseph P. McEnaney, Public Relations Officer, it takes two years on the part of the trainer and the animal to make a successful police dog. Trainers are selected from men who request such duty or men who have had experience in handling dogs. Troopers George Wall and George F. Bowse are only two of the dog handlers in the Massachusetts force.

Once a dog's training is begun he is not allowed to lie idle in the kennel, but is worked every day. He is taught to follow trails which have been especially laid and he is brought into contact with unfamiliar surroundings and unusual noises that might distract him if he were on an actual case. After each work-out the dog is rewarded and the trooper carries a bit of meat in his pocket for just that purpose.

Once the dog knows what is expected of him, he is allowed to take part in an actual search. He is given the scent from clothing of the criminal or missing person if it is at all possible and he follows this scent until he locates that person or the scent disappears. It is interesting to note that intense cold will not dim a scent, but rain and fog will

make the trail difficult to follow. Cities, of course, with their varied and confusing scents present problems when dogs are used.

According to Lieutenant McEnaney's statistics the dogs work on an average of forty-five cases a year and are about fifty per cent successful. Any police department, state or otherwise, may request the services of the bloodhounds and Sid has often been called into other states to locate missing persons or aid in the search of escaped criminals.

Many other departments have also realized the value of these animals in police work. The state of New Hampshire purchased two of the Massachusetts puppies, Dutchess and Major and sent Trooper Russell Goslan to Andover to learn how to use the dogs in his work. Dutchess recently made headlines when she located a fifteen-year-old girl who had decided to leave home unannounced.

Again man's best friend has proved his worth and before many years have passed he will have become an indispensable unit of every law enforcement agency.



J. B. pours over the bookkeeping at the cashier's desk.

Photo by Peggy Sommerville

"J. B.", Cosmopolitan

by Vida C. Ungaro

The leathersgoods counter has a certain fascination for J. B.



Photo by Peggy Sommerville

CATS, like people, have varied tastes. Some prefer to do their meditating in front of country hearthfires with their jewelled eyes reflecting the dancing flames and ember-warmed fur. Others, more sophisticated, take to city ways. Such a sophisticate is J. B., an important member of the staff at the J. B. Wilson Ladies Millinery store in downtown Trenton, New Jersey.

J. B. prefers to survey and concentrate on the passing crowds and her gray velvet beauty is a familiar sight to those who purchase the daily paper or favorite magazine at the newsstand in front of the store. A better poised paperweight I've yet to see gracing the cover of a magazine.

For eight years, she has calmly observed from her journalistic porch, the last minute, frenzied Easter and Christmas shoppers with her unruffled dignity and quiet manner providing a wonderful contrast to the bustle of the madding crowd.

I stopped in the other day to interview this unusual "employee" of the Wilson Store and found her indisposed—her hugeness poured into a ridiculously small merchandise box, taking a cat nap—a curled-up ball of fur, head and tail cozily fused together.

Mr. Rosen, manager of the store, told me that in all of the eight years J. B. has been with them, she has never taken a vacation or been ill. However, like most of the other employees she is, of course, not perfect. She likes to mix a little pleasure with business. Every day, around noon, without listening for the clock to strike, J. B. stops whatever she is doing and dashes madly out of the store to await, in wild anticipation, the two ladies who regularly bring her fresh liver and other goodies. It matters not how heavy the throng, she can spot these two benefactors yards away.

Otherwise, she takes an avid interest in business matters, often pouring over the bookkeeping at the cashier's desk. Although at times the movement of the pencil distracts her attention and it annoys her because she and the law of gravity have disagreed when, in reaching for the pencil with her paw, she finds it on the floor, instead.

J. B. is as much the center of attention as the most exquisite hat or the prettiest blouse, and from the smug look on her face, you can tell she fancies being admired. She is one female all the ladies love. She has a feminine weakness, too—ladies handbags and belts, and can't resist settling herself on the leathersgoods counter. Many a customer has mistaken her for someone's misplaced furpiece, only to be startled by a sudden outstretched paw.

As for womanly gossip, J. B. is exposed to it daily, but being above this sort of thing, she is a little confused and hurt as to why one woman will say of another, "She is catty." She feels there is no comparison because cats are very discreet and wise and not prone to gossip—at least, she's not.

Just when J. B. will retire from the millinery business is not known. She relishes her position and like the rest of her sex enjoys being surrounded by beauty and fashion. Then, too, the security of a merchandise box for a bed and regular meals appeal to her practical side.

Only a cosmopolitan cat like J. B. can appreciate such a life and it wouldn't surprise me at all to see her pausing and preening in front of one of the store mirrors, when there is no one around at night, mimicking the customers' primping poses.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

YES, ma'am," said our new neighbor proudly, "Butch is strictly a one man dog. Except for me he's got no use for humans, nor dogs either, for that matter. Bit a man a while back and Doc had to take twelve stitches in the feller's hand. Butch is some fighter, too. Licked every dog for miles around—and cats! Brother, does he hate cats! Kills every one he can lay tooth on."

At this point, I decided Mr. Simms and his dog, Butch, were a pair of characters I could very well do without, so excusing myself, I left them standing on the back porch.

The next day, Butch was back, driving the cats to the barn, wolfing their food, daring Mr. Blue to make something of his piratic excursions. After Butch was gone, Pumpkin came down from the tree where he'd taken refuge and sat beside Mr. Blue glaring after the bully. They looked like a pair of conspirators and perhaps they were, communicating in a way I couldn't understand.

Although I made shooing noises at him, Butch continued to prowls our yard, mistreating the animals, scratching up the grass, digging among the flowers. Annoyed, I asked Mr. Simms to keep his pet at home. But Mr. Simms said Butch didn't like being tied and, furthermore, that the fence that would hold him had not yet been built.

"I guess you'll just have to put up with him," he concluded and left me to find a way to get along with a dog that couldn't be frightened away or be reasoned with.

Mr. Blue was no help, nor were any of the other animals, all of whom were too busy finding hiding places when the Guinea cock gave warning of the enemy's approach. Any way you looked at it, we faced a trying situation and I was considering appealing to the sheriff when Butch carried his aggressiveness too far. . . .

The even which probably gave him the Surprise of his life and made a gentleman of him occurred directly after lunch on a warm, sunshiny day. Mr. Blue and Pumpkin, the cat, were back to back and sound asleep on the porch. Sheila was on the lawn, cleaning a bone. A more peaceful scene would be hard to imagine. Then, all of a sudden, Butch was in the yard, slipping up behind Sheila with a purposeful gleam in his eye.

Unhampered by chivalry, he sank his teeth in the lady's hip and when she whirled to protect herself, he snatched her bone. Until this moment, Mr. Blue had avoided Butch, but with the infringement of Sheila's rights, he came off the porch in a rush. Butch dropped the bone and the fight was on.

With broom and hose I tried to end hostilities, but Butch was top dog and he didn't intend to be deterred from victory by my shouting and a stream of cold water. In a quick maneuver, he rolled Mr. Blue over on his back and set his teeth in our dog's throat.

I was frantically searching for a more effective weapon than the broom, when all of a sudden, with the howl of a banshee, Pumpkin lunged through the air, landing squarely on Butch's back. What he was doing with his hind feet I couldn't see, but the sounds he was making were enough to curl the hair.

Butch let go his hold on Mr. Blue and darted, yelping with fright and pain for the gate. Pumpkin went along, riding the dog like the Old Man of the Sea, with sound effects. At the end of the driveway, Pumpkin dropped off, but he wasn't through with Butch, yet. Still yowling, he chased the dog to the crossroads.

Surprised as Butch was, I was even more so, for Pumpkin, to my knowledge, had never before chased a dog, much less attacked one.

"Mr. Blue's Pal, Pumpkin"

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue and his pal, Pumpkin, watched the bully make off with their dinner.

Five minutes later, Pumpkin returned, sniffed noses with Mr. Blue, then nonchalantly sat down to wash his feet.

"I guess that sort of evens things up," I said, stroking the big cat. "Goodness knows, Mr. Blue has gone to bat for you often enough." And then, remembering the ridiculous picture Butch had cut with a big yellow Tom booting him down the driveway, I couldn't help but smile.

"Pal" Dental Assistant

By Dr. Rolland B. Moore

WE will all admit there is a shortage of experienced dental assistants and we admit, also, that they earn all they are paid. Dentists in small towns do not have enough work to keep an assistant busy and cannot afford one, in any case. So, we have to be satisfied with hiring an inexperienced girl to help around the office where she can. Inexperienced girls expect not less than \$25 a week and some even more than that.

I have solved this inexperience problem and have as office help a cocker spaniel. He really is a buff cocker spaniel and he certainly does know his job. Furthermore, he is registered with the American Kennel Club under the name of "Pal O'Mine".

You may say, "How can a cocker, a dog, help you in your office?" I will explain that my office and apartment are connected. I leave my office at five o'clock and go out to my apartment or I go in at noon for lunch. People here know I am available at any hour and many come during the noon hour or after five o'clock, according to their own convenience. I do not hear them come in, but Pal, who always follows me, hears them enter and he dashes out to the office. Patients have told me that he welcomes them, then goes over and sits beside a chair—his invitation to be seated. After the patient has taken a chair, Pal dashes out to the apartment to tell me in dog language that I am wanted in the office. He then dashes back, sits and waits for me to come. If I am slow, he runs back to the apartment and gives one short yip, telling me to hurry up.

Could an inexperienced girl do any more than that? You might say a girl would at least bring her friends to your office and help you in that way. Well, Pal certainly brings me patients, too. When we go to the post office, people will stop to pet him, we talk "dog" a few minutes, then before Pal and I go on our way, the person I have been talking to will ask about having me do some work for him. Pal has really been responsible for getting me that job.

Of course, Pal can't make appoint-

ments for me. I don't even make them for myself. A dentist friend, who has been very successful, told me one day never to make an appointment as they are only made to be broken. His financial success by not working by appointment led me to think him right about it. In my town, people think nothing of breaking appointments and not even telephoning that they can't come on the time given them. After a few months of broken appointments, I refused to make them. I depend on drop-ins entirely.

Most of my practice is extraction and denture work. I do my own denture repair work and do it at night. Pal sits beside my laboratory stool and watches me. About nine o'clock he gets sleepy, at half past nine he looks longingly towards the bedroom door, he sleeps beside my bed. So, I snuff out the light and quit work.

I do not carry burglar insurance as Pal has such wonderful hearing. If he hears a prowler around, he makes the welkin ring with his barking. If a burglar did gain entrance to my office or apartment, Pal would nip him so hard the burglar would have to kill the dog before he would let go. His teeth interlock and once he got a hold on a man's leg he would hold fast to it.

Nor do I have to set an alarm clock to get up in the morning. Pal comes to the side of my bed around six thirty and awakens me. There is just one bad habit he has and that is that he wants me to play ball with him before breakfast. He is a true baseball fan.

For all the help he is to me in my dental office, he does not expect a raise in his pay. He gets his pint of whole milk every day, some dog meal, which he likes dry, a little canned dog food and at breakfast he sits beside my chair begging for tiny bits of my toast. He works for cheaper than a \$25-a-week inexperienced girl would consider, but he does expect a certain amount of petting. However, he does everything for me that an inexperienced girl could possibly do and I guess that I shall renew his contract for at least another year.

President's Cow

By Jasper B. Sinclair

THE placid, cud-chewing cow has seldom stirred up much interest in the history books. But every once in a while Bossy manages to write a chapter or anecdote into the story of our country.

William Henry Harrison was the only President to bring a cow of his own to the White House. On the Saturday following his inauguration, President Harrison and the farmer from whom he had bought the animal drove a Durham cow through the streets of Washington to the home of our Presidents.

In Harrison's time, more than a hundred years ago, the nation's capital was little more than a frontier village with dirt roads and no sidewalks. President Harrison found that there was no such thing as a daily supply of fresh milk furnished in the White House. Nor was there such a thing as daily milk deliveries in those days. So Mr. Harrison went out and bought himself a cow within a day or two after he had become President.

That is why the residents of the nation's capital city got the surprise of their lives when they saw their newly inaugurated President driving a Durham cow through the streets on the way to the White House.

And, what's more, it may well have aroused them to the necessity of maintaining a source of fresh milk for daily consumption and an aid to the populace's health.



"Next month?"

Washing Faces

By Ruby Zagoren

WHO likes to wash his face? Why, our little kitten does. Just as soon as he laps up the very last drop of his milk or chews the last bit of his fresh liver, he washes his face. He does an excellent job, too, and remembers his ears and also his whiskers.

When our children put up a fuss about washing hands and faces, we point out the excellent habit of our kitten. And the children like to hear, too, of the downy white rabbit. It is no accident that the rabbit looks immaculate at all times. The rabbit wants to be clean—he *likes* being clean and he washes himself regularly just as the kitten does.

First, the rabbit licks the side of his paw. Then, he rubs that wet paw over his cheeks. Next, he does his nose and his mouth. Of course, he remembers his long ears, too. He pulls his ears down over his eyes as he scrubs them with his paw.

So, who likes to wash his face? Why, the kitten and the rabbit, of course.

But they are not the only ones. All animals like to be clean. To be sure, members of the cat family are purported to be the most fastidious when it comes to cleanliness. This family includes tigers, lions, pumas, panthers and they all wash very much as does the family cat.

Other animals who are not so well endowed as the cat in being able to bathe itself have, what might be termed, community grooming. Such animals as the giraffe, the deer, the antelope and the goat (about whom, more later) are examples of those who are most particular about keeping clean. They assemble in groups to help one another in the process of bathing, since no one animal can reach all parts of its body. Of course, aquatic animals, like the beaver have an easier time of it and show great pride in their grooming. Most animals



Their bath water run, mother and child get their wash cloths ready.

when occasion permits go swimming frequently and then, out of the water, shake themselves dry.

This grooming procedure means not only taking a bath but also the careful smoothing of hair and fur. If in no other way does the animal kingdom help man than by example of personal cleanliness, which also means health, it should be enough to warrant a kindly relationship between the two.

Some animals carry their love of cleanliness over to their foods. The goat, for instance, is a very fussy eater. If someone has taken a bite of an apple, the goat will refuse to eat it—he wants a whole one. And he must have absolutely clean water to drink. He would actually prefer going thirsty to drinking

unclean water.

Birds, too, like to keep clean. They will take a bath even in the cold of winter. Anyone with a bird bath in his back yard will agree. Then, some birds, and the common chicken, too, enjoy a dust bath. Those who know say a dust bath is cleansing, although I, personally, do not point out this example to my children who all too often look as though they had already had one, themselves.

We prefer to point to the animals who like water for their daily ablutions. Since the kitten lives in the house with us, he is by far the best example. And it's surprising—when the children watch the bathing process and know their kitten is clean, they want to be, too.

The Elongated Dachshund

By Elsie Tash Sater

*The dachshund's eyes are dim
With love for you and tender.
The dachshund's form is slim,*

*And slithery and slender . . .
And if you pat his head on SUNDAY
He will wag his little tail on MONDAY!*



Come on — it's six o'clock in the morning. How about waking up!



Grrr — what's the matter, sleepy head? Woof, woof!

Breakfast time

*A Farley Manning
Feature*



SHOULD a dog be fed in the morning or at night? Well, the experts take no particular stand on this question, but Bryce Hugelmeyer, of River Vale, N. J., has come to have definite ideas on the subject. How would you like to be awakened when you were just rounding out your twelve hours and it was nowhere near time for school—just because that darn dog was hungry?

Bryce obviously feels the same way.

*Doggone it, stop gold-bricking.
I mean it, now. Get up, I tell
you!*



Woof, woof — wake up, WAKE UP!



Aw, please — I'm terribly hungry. I want my breakfast right now.

time comes early for some people!



Okay — that's better. Let's see what we want.



It's about time — glug, glump, smok, dluk, glub.



WHEN you stop to think of it, most of us dogs are pretty fortunate. Oh, a few of us are treated cruelly, some of us are chained up so that we never get to romp around and get the exercise we really need. I'll admit that I never can understand why people want to keep a dog tied up that way. He certainly doesn't give them the companionship they need and he suffers from frustration and actual physical harm from being so restrained.

Nevertheless, as I say, most of us are lucky compared to a lot of other animals. Just take for instance canaries, parakeets, parrots and other similar birds, to say nothing of gold fish and other aquatic animals. Just think how they are cooped up in small cages or bowls, when, actually, they should be flying or swimming in their native habitats, with the whole world as their home, unfettered by anything except environment and their sources of food.

Do I hear you say, we bought them in a pet shop and gave them a much better and larger enclosure? But just think, if you and others like you didn't buy them, the market would decrease to such an extent that dealers would no longer stock them and as the end result, no one would catch them at all. It wouldn't pay if there were no market and all these little birds and fishes would be allowed to remain free to enjoy nature as they were intended.

Let's just put it this way. Wouldn't you prefer your God-given freedom and ability to choose your own way of life? Remember that next time you are tempted to incarcerate an animal!

Geese Make the Darndest Pets

By Clyde E. Redinger

OUR small son found a goose egg near a pond and insisted that he could hatch it in his bed. After due time elapsed, a gosling was surreptitiously substituted and Tommy awakened to find himself in the proud new role of Mother Goose.

From the beginning they were inseparable and Joe grew with surprising rapidity. Such a fine goose had to be entered in the annual Pet Parade, so we built a flower float—a full-sized TV set, placarded with scarlet hearts bearing the legend, "I LOVE GOOSEY LUCY". Because of Joe's astonishing growth it was twice necessary to enlarge our cabinet but, when the great day came, Tommy proudly returned with first prize.

Now he insisted that Joe was deserving of a companion of his own kind. The sex of a Toulouse goose is a problem for experts so, to be on the safe side, I purchased one of each sex of the easily distinguished Canadians, hoping Joe would accept the proper one for a mate. Unappreciative Joe had never seen another of his kind and he chose to completely ignore both interlopers. They, in turn, spurned him and became mutually infatuated — then eloped to parts unknown.

A friend came to help solve our dilemma. He suggested we change Joe's name to Josephine and brought King Carl, a proven Toulouse gander. King Carl immediately installed himself as dictator, barely tolerating Josephine and permitting grudging companionship only when off duty from his self-appointed tasks as watchman, undercover agent and just plain snooper.

When Tommy leaves for school, King Carl is always at hand to scream, "Bye! Bye! Bye!"

Each afternoon Sally, our Boston terrier, stands in the path watching intently for Tommy's return. This offers mischievous King Carl an opportunity to sneak up from the rear and suddenly

seize that stubby tail, startling her half out of her wits.

Josephine and King Carl seem never to sleep. They patrol all night and, like true Oregonians, spurn shelter from foul weather. They particularly enjoy it at its worst. Yet, if a plane passes over, or a cat or dog prowler comes near, they dash to our bedroom window to scream, "Help, help, help!" I threaten dire vengeance, but what can one do to punish a goose?

Their insatiable curiosity has a high nuisance value. By incessant nibbling they remove every bit of exposed insulation on the wiring of our car or house trailer. In the wee small hours they love to make a disturbing racket by pecking at the copper fuel pipe outside my window. Growing shrubs are not molested but when I set out a new one the buds and unprotected bark mysteriously disappear.

Being inveterate window-peepers, they love to kibitz at bedtime when my wife forgets to pull the shades. While we are not in exact accord as to the translation, to me, King Carl seems to say, "Golly, ain't she fat when she gets out of that strait-jacket?" Then Josephine will chuckle, "Yeah, and did you notice? She waddles as much as I do." Then both burst into hysterical laughter.

When guests arrive, they are invariably greeted by a raucous unwelcoming committee. When I try to shoo the geese away, they stand their ground and impudently talk back. A hundred times a day I see those prying eyes cruise majestically past the window at sill level, checking and double checking all that goes on inside.

I fear we may be heading for a show-down. After all, I do pay the taxes here and I like to enjoy some rights of ownership. Josephine has yet to lay her first egg and it's just possible she might be a "he"—in which case, proud King Carl could be headed for another home to boss.

Dog License

*He stared at the paper
Head bent, spirits low.
He couldn't write "Mongrel,"
It just wasn't so.
Why, Sport was a champion,
The best of them all!*

By Louise Hajek

*He could beg and roll over,
Fetch sticks, and play ball.
He smiled and wrote proudly,
Why, he had it now——!
"Part pure-bred collie,
Part pure-bred chow."*

Sheep Dogs

By Tom Farley

WITHOUT the untiring and skillful assistance of sheep dogs, large-scale sheep raising in the American far west would be virtually impossible. Few persons outside the sheep business appreciate the tremendous contribution of these animals, which as a class rank among the great working dogs of the world.

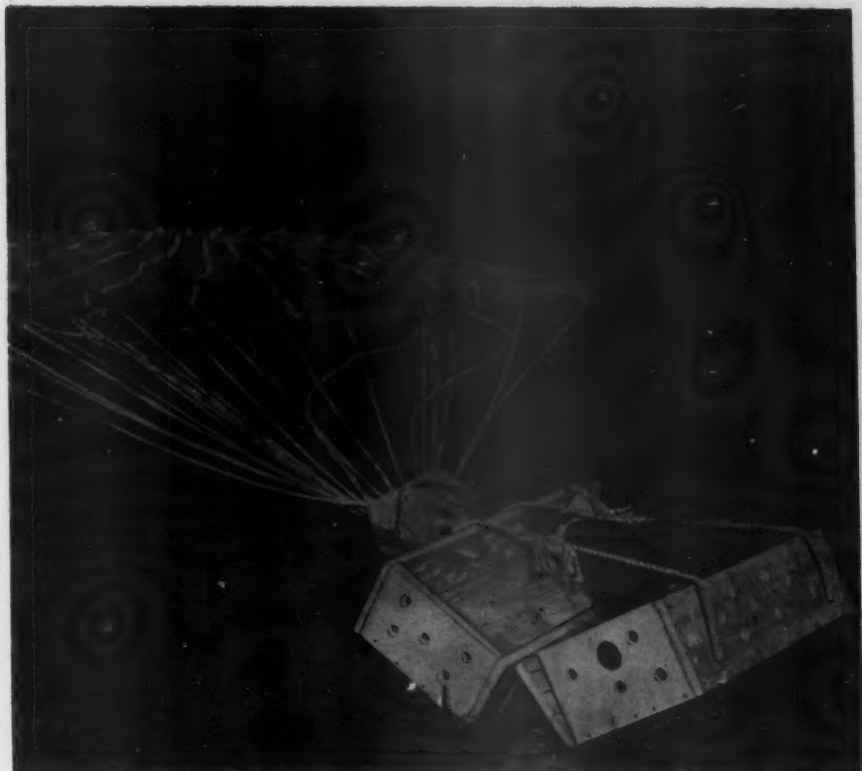
The good sheep dog works constantly with the herder who usually has only two or three dogs for a flock of 1,000 sheep. When trailing, the dog and herder are in close communication—the man telling the dog what he wants by commands or whistles. The dog knows how to “cut out”—that is, separate—a single sheep or a group from the flock and drive them along separately. By barking or nipping at their heels—never actually biting—he can force an unwilling herd through gates, across bridges, and even across shallow streams. He drops behind to pick up strays. And if a sheep is mixed up in directions—because of wool blindness or other reasons—the dog will catch his leg gently between the teeth, without closing his jaws, and throw the animal to await the herder.

At night while the herder is asleep in his camp wagon, the dogs stand guard over the flock. If coyotes or other predatory animals attack, the dog will first try to drive them away, but failing, will fly to the wagon and warn the herder.

Western herders' dogs are usually descended from Border Collies brought to this country from Scotland. The Border Collie herds by instinct and not necessarily sheep alone. As puppies they will “approach” a group of chickens, crouching low, and silently round them up in the corner of a pen. It is only by long and patient training, however, that a sheep dog is able to understand and follow complex orders. And stockmen say that a dog is no greater than the master who trains him.

When stockmen find a good dog that under no circumstances will abandon a flock, the puppies are in great demand. And in the western sheep states, there is a kind of unwritten law that a good strain is shared as widely as possible.

There is nothing more exciting than the sight of a lone dog, acting under long-distance commands from his owner, herding a flock of wild sheep across a great plain.



'Chuting to New Homes

By Wallace M. Depew

BEAVERS dropping from the skies, riding to earth in parachutes from airplanes, may sound like something out of a fairy tale, but it is true, nevertheless.

And, because of this successful project, these gregarious animals with flattened tails, webbed hind feet and thick, soft, brown fur, find new homes in remote mountain waters where they can build dams to their hearts' content and thus create reserve water reservoirs and solve, at least partially, the ever-present menace of floods.

This method which solved a perplexing problem of moving beavers from overpopulated areas into inaccessible mountain waters was developed and first put into effect by the State of Idaho.

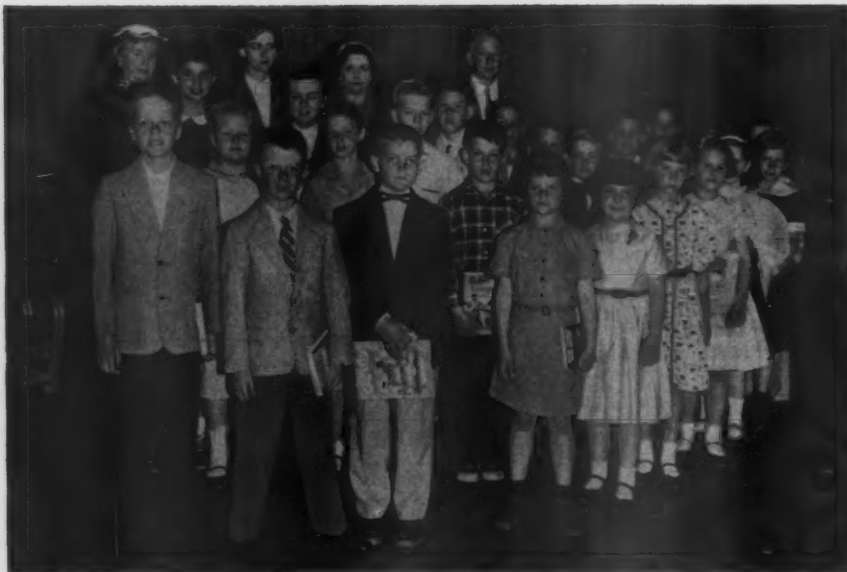
As you will note in the picture, the box in which the beaver rides and which is attached to the parachute is quite an ingenious arrangement and Idaho takes credit for the invention of this transplanting process.

The picture shows a box that has

landed. Heavy rubber bands made from inner tubes have pulled the box open as it hit the ground and the beaver, unharmed, is leaving to find a place he loves, unmolested by anyone.

The plan was so successful in Idaho that Colorado also used the same technique with equally good results. After all, the beaver is an extremely useful animal to man. Dams built by these creatures have held back flood waters in wet seasons, maintained the flow of streams in times of drouth, and built up ground water supplies.

All this has had a profound effect on streams and stream valleys in Europe, Siberia and most of North America, literally changing the face of the earth. The ponds above these dams, which were occasionally more than a thousand feet long, allowed sediment to settle out of the water and formed broad meadows which eventually were occupied by tracts of timber and, now, some of our finest farmland. Waterfowl, fish and a host of other living things thrived here because of the beaver.



Group of prize winners in the essay contest.

Educational Activity

By Albert A. Pollard

FOR the past several years, with the hearty approval of school officials, the Reading Woman's Club of Massachusetts has supported a program based upon the natural interest children have in animals.

It is not the usual approach of merely teaching facts about animals. More important is the emphasis upon developing desirable attitudes and feelings in the children's relationships with them. During the year many opportunities are provided by the teachers for first-hand experiences with different kinds of creatures, from a tiny cricket to a large farm animal.

Real or simulated situations wherein the safety or welfare of animals is involved has as its objective clear thinking and an attitude which will result in a feeling of personal responsibility to protect our four-footed friends from suffering and all acts of cruelty.

As a culminating exercise, papers are written by all the pupils based on their own experience and interest in animal life, stressing consideration and the needs of our pets and a sympathetic and kindly understanding of all living creatures. For the best papers from each grade in each school, suitable prizes of animal books are presented by the Woman's Club.

So it was that Mrs. Fred Squire of the Club greeted a capacity audience of parents, teachers and pupils in the Joshua Eaton School one afternoon during Be Kind to Animals Week for the announcement of the winners and presentation of prizes.

The auditorium became hushed and quiet as the curtain went up for an excellent play called "The Animal Court." The fine cast of pupils of the Eaton School, under the direction of Miss Patricia Thornburn, kept everyone interested to the very end. The resounding applause called for many curtain calls, and there was no doubt about the concern and affection for one character of the play, although never on stage, a loyal companion and friend—a mongrel dog.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education of the American Humane Education Society, closed the meeting congratulating and thanking the many teachers, judges and members of the Woman's Club for their long hours of service in making the occasion a notable success. Mr. Pollard also stressed the need for special care of pets during extremes of weather and emphasized that our Society is always glad to supply leaflets and advice concerning pets and creatures of the wild.

In Grateful Remembrance

THE humane movement sustained a great loss in the tragic death of Miss Lucia Fessenden Gilbert, of Malone, N. Y., as a result of a fire in her home last November. She was known and loved everywhere for her charitable works and her devotion to children and animals.

Miss Gilbert was graduated from Smith College and spent much time thereafter abroad before dedicating her life to others with a sincerity and warmth of spirit and heart and a simple trust in God that brought spontaneous response and admiration. It is said of Governor Baxter, of Maine, on meeting a fellow townsman of Miss Gilbert, "I know a 'saint' in Malone, Miss Lucia Gilbert."

As one of the founders and secretary for many years of the Franklin County S. P. C. A., she had been its moving spirit and had brought a greater public understanding concerning the problems of animal welfare.

Miss Gilbert recognized from the beginning that if cruelty and neglect of animals are to be lessened and overcome, one must start with children in the schools. So it was that she joined the teaching staff of the American Humane Education Society and for nearly thirty years traveled widely in many parts of the country persuading teachers of the need children have for an appreciation and understanding of our pets and the animal life all about them. Her charm and keen mind and her zeal for the truth made her an ever welcome friend of thousands of teachers.

At the national convention of The American Humane Association, held in Boston, in 1953, the directors of our Society wished to honor Miss Gilbert for her long years of distinguished service and her outstanding contribution in shaping the lives of so many children. So it was that she was presented with the National Humane Key which, as she said with much feeling, "I shall always wear and cherish it as long as I live."

Miss Gilbert will be sorely missed and her place will be hard to fill. Her sound judgment, kindly ways, and unfailing help and inspiration should spur all of us on to the great adventure ahead wherein education in the humanities will help us work together as the foes of cruelty and oppression.

A. A. P.

Effective Cooperation

By John C. Macfarlane

THERE are certain fundamental truths that can be applied to all human effort whether those efforts be applied to government, private industry, or welfare organizations — even such relatively small welfare groups as ours. A basic truth that is self evident is, "In unity there is strength." "All humane discord can be resolved through cooperation, understanding and friendly discussion." This is also a truth that is often very difficult for men to understand and accept. It is particularly difficult, it seems, for animal and child welfare groups to accept because of the very nature of human behavior patterns and individual thinking processes. This is true more so perhaps in welfare groups than in any others because of the strong influence of emotion upon our action reflexes. We dislike accepting another worker's opinions concerning methods of achieving reforms when we have already made up our own minds and feel in our hearts that our thinking is best.

Whatever success I may have achieved in the field of animal welfare work must be attributed to a positive desire on my part to discuss and accept the other man's opinion.

An objective example of what can be gained is the present attempt to develop a better method of killing food animals and even more important, the meat industry's obvious willingness to accept such a method once it is perfected.

Other attempts have been made in the past, and invariably someone would display the type of emotionalism that precludes human discussion, and all progressive thinking ceased. Then, the entire attempt to solve a perplexing problem would be laid aside. Here we have a rather accurate description of all past attempts to change the nature of our killing processes from bad to good.

It is my hope that once the new ideas of killing food animals are in production by Remington Arms Company, Inc., our people will be patient and understanding with the meat industry because I believe that it will be several years before they all accept the new way of killing.

For 300 years, our people have turned away from the blood-letting aspect of slaughtering. It will not be a magnanimous and instantaneous conversion.

I am fully in favor of legislation once our new instruments are on the market. I am *not* in favor, however, of inserting foolish clauses aimed at wholesalers and retailers or consumers and I would not be in favor of *any* clause which would authorize *anyone* in a political position to extend time or fix the behavior pattern of anyone coming under the influence of the provisions of the proposed law.

Voluntary acceptance of a new change in any industry is a thousand times more effective than compulsion under law—law which would demand enforcement. No one ever introduced

a law that could not be circumnavigated by man. However, when a change is desired by the *people involved* and is *accepted* by them, then the end result is far more effective and more lasting. At this very moment, a large majority of meat packers are willing to accept a humane killing process—not only willing, but anxious to do so if a proved method is made available to them.

The road ahead should be clear to all of us. I sincerely hope that all of us will follow a typical American procedure and work *with* the packers, not against them. The ultimate acceptance of our present attempt to bring about humane slaughter will depend upon our willingness to cooperate, to discuss in a friendly way, and to remain open-minded to a fair degree.

The task ahead is not out of reach. It is far more possible now than it was a year ago. Each month, the nearness of our desired objective is more in evidence.

Let us all resolve, with all our hearts, that if we are fair and if we stand together, nothing is impossible, and *all* human and animal relationships can be materially improved.



These two youngsters have shown some of the good work the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. tries to do in the teaching of millions of little children, the concept of kindness, compassion and mercy towards animals. This humane education taught to children in the schools and homes will bear fruit in the years to come. The little kitten saved from death in the sewer by these children with the help of two firemen from the Chestnut Street Fire House, Lynn, Massachusetts, is a physical object lesson and does credit to the children and their school. In the picture, Officer John T. Brown, of our Wrentham Shelter is shown presenting medals to the two girls, Carol Tingley, age 10 and Sue Tingley, age 9, as principal of the Lewis School, Miss Elsie Neal, beams her satisfaction.

CHILDREN'S



My Puppy

By Marsha Ann Penn (9)

*I have a little puppy
Who's as frisky as can be,
And everytime I play with him
He always licks me.*

*The funniest thing about him
Is the way he likes to play,
Either bouncing balls, rolling wood
Or biting shoes all day.*

*And when it comes to eating,
He's not so bad at that.
At least I think he shouldn't be
Because he's so very fat.*

Man's Best Friend

By Arniel Felton (12)

WE have a little dog named Bonny. She is wonderful company and whenever anyone is sick or away, or even when it is just cold, she cuddles near us and her expression seems to say, "I'll protect you." She tries to act brave but she isn't because she is afraid of a leaf.

Every day we make sure that she has plenty of food and water. We've taught her to sit up and beg or bark for her food, and to go to the door when she wants to go out. We either take her on walks downstreet, or just in the yard but she gets plenty of exercise and fresh air.

I think it is terrible for people to make dogs stay out all the time, or to let them run loose in the streets. If the dog is too big for the house, they should have a dog house and a big fenced-in yard for the dog to live in and play in. Also they should give the dog plenty of food and water.

Some people should have their dogs taken away from them before it is too late.

My Dog

By Willie Burns

*I have a dog named "Cindy Lou" -
She likes me, and I like her, too.
When she's as hungry as can be,
She brings her empty dish to me.*



This cute picture of Catherine Lucas, frowning because Frisky her Boston Bull pup won't mind, was sent to us by Mrs. F. E. Pinkerton, Secretary of the Riverside County Humane Society of California.

PAGES



Vinny and Rinty

Dear "Dumb Animals,"

For twenty years Rinty was with my family. He was the most lovable and faithful dog in the world. He was named after the famous Rin-Tin-Tin. Rinty was a constant companion for my brother and I.

In January 1955 Rinty died but we will always cherish this picture. This is the only picture of my wonderful dog that I can show the world. Now he will always be remembered in "Our Dumb Animals."

I bow my head for you Rinty, our beloved Eskimo dog.
Carmen Marie Valenziano (10)

The Polite Bird

ONE day I was walking through the woods when I heard something scratching beside the path. I looked around to see what it was and something was moving in the bushes under a few leaves. I moved the leaves and saw a little bird. I picked it up carefully and saw that its wing was hurt. I took him home and showed him to my mother.

I made him a soft bed in a box and fed him bread crumbs and water. After a few days his wing looked better so I put him out on the lawn. When I went back later he was gone.

One day when I was out in the yard playing, I heard a little bird chirping. Mother said it could have been the same bird thanking me for taking such good care of him.

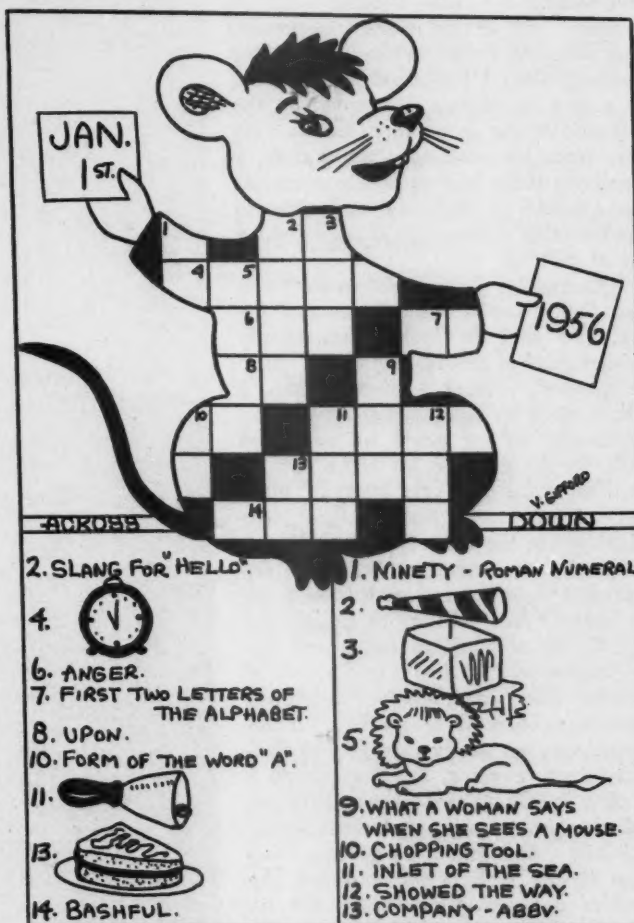
January 1956

A Bigger Bark than Bite

By Gary Lotito (11)

MY dog's name is Buttons. One of the things he likes to do is pretend he is brave. The only time he ever barks at anything is when all of the family is watching him. One day I went into the yard and started petting another dog. When Buttons saw me he didn't want the other dog petted so he chased him out of the yard. Of course, he was probably more afraid of the dog than it was of him. He often does that with people too, and sometimes succeeds, even though he'd never bite them.

Answers to December Puzzle: Across—2. hen, 5. or, 6. log, 8. December, 11. dear, 12. Lt., 13. N. E., 15. Re, 16. cap. Down—1. tree, 3. elm, 4. noble, 5. odd, 7. get, 9. cane, 10. ere, 14. ha.



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Is Your Dog the Boss?

By Patricia Screven

IT can happen very easily. Relax your guard slightly, and instead of a Dog, you will have a Master with one iron paw curled tightly around a figurative whip.

Spike, my Boston terrier, impressed this upon me rather suddenly one rainy evening when I happened to be sitting in a spot he wished to occupy, on the left side of the living room couch. He rose from his customary position on a small rug at my husband's feet, stretched and yawned prodigiously, and came to me for what I fatuously thought was a bit of petting.

Ignoring my hand held ready for a pat, Spike waited until he caught my eye, and then he looked significantly at that part of me resting in the place he coveted. Being a mere human, I didn't catch on right away. Spike was apparently in no mood to be trifled with, for he allowed his right paw to prod my knee in a very ungentle manner. Precisely at that moment, the telephone in the hall rang, and when I returned from answering it, Spike lay sprawled in an abandoned fashion on the couch. He refused to budge, except to lift one lid languidly, and eye me impassively.

From then on, the dog developed heretofore unheard of powers. If his supper was not ready promptly at five-thirty every evening, he set up such a terrific howling that the neighbors rushed over to see what was wrong with him. At night, if he became lonesome in the wee hours, and felt the need of companionship, there was no sleep for the family until he got it. He acquired the belief that such a menial

occupation as a watchdog was definitely beneath his canine dignity and promptly ceased all vigilance.

Occasionally we rebelled against his tyranny, but all we got for our presumptuousness was bored yawns, and sometimes one lip curled up in a contemptuous sneer.

Matters progressed to such a state that Spike reserved the right to pass approval on visitors. In his elevated position, he seldom considered anyone suitable, and consequently exhibited his disapproval in such an unmistakable manner that our friends soon began to give our house a wide berth.

Drastic action on our part was clearly indicated if Spike was to be our best friend. After plotting a strategic battle plan, we began our offensive.

Immediately after supper every evening, one of us rushed to the couch, and held that point against all of Spike's demands and threats until he finally gave up, and settled for his rug. At night we ignored his insistent efforts

to play, and sternly commanded him to lie down and keep quiet. To bring back his guarding efficiency, we placed a particularly succulent bone near his kennel, and when his back was turned, spirited it away. After that happened two or three times, Spike was firmly convinced that a thief and marauder lurked in the back yard, and began to keep an alert eye on the property. When friends came, and Spike disapproved, we put him out, and if his protests got too vehement, we shut him into his kennel as a disciplinary measure. Also, we renewed his obedience training.

Our persistence paid off. Spike soon got the idea that if he persisted in his wayward actions all his privileges might be taken away.

The final test of his recovery came the other evening when I got up from the left side of the couch. Spike's only reaction was a disinterested flick of his ear. He had completely forgotten how to hold a whip!



Spike, who forgot how to hold a whip.

Let's Start the New Year Right

WE SUGGEST learning the right way to care for that Christmas puppy, kitten or bird. In fact, any time you get a new pet (no matter what kind) is the time to write your friends in the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., or telephone: LOnghood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference.

And when we say inexpensive, we *mean* inexpensive. All of these guides to better living for you and your pet are priced from 2-10c apiece! Price lists of available leaflets will be supplied upon request.

For those of you who have owned many animals and know all the answers, it wouldn't hurt to check your ideas against recent findings of our staff of world-famous veterinarians at Angell Memorial, would it? Write A.H.E.S. today.

Twice the Protection

LOST dogs are a problem we've been trying to solve for years. First we developed the Dog Identification Kit (now on sale for 50c each) to help owners describe their pets to searchers and the Kit is a valuable safeguard—as far as it goes.

However, our newly established DOG IDENTITY BUREAU and the numbered tags we sell for 50c enlarge this protection by helping the finder to locate the owner. Easily attached to your dog's collar by an S-shaped hook, these brass tags have "Call or write the Mass. SPCA" on them, with our address, phone number and another number, permanently assigned to your dog. This is listed in the Bureau files with your name, address, and phone number, making the identification of stray dogs simple and sure. If your dog should lose his tag, we'll furnish a duplicate for only 25c.

Order your Dog Identity Tag today—and your Identification Kit, too, if you don't have one. Send just *fifty cents* (check or money order) for each Kit or Tag you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

P. S. Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

Don't Miss Out

By January 31, our brand new 1955 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be ready for mailing. The price of this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out by March last year!

Since 1832

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Lucky,
Lucky
YOU!

We still have a few 1956 Animal Calendars left. Remember, not only the cover, but also each one of the 12 additional animal pictures are in FULL COLOR.

Price? \$1.00 for each box of ten calendars, with envelopes. Sorry, but since the calendars are already boxed, we can only sell them in lots of ten.

Rush us your order today, with check or money order, for these small (4 3/4" x 6 1/4") greeting card calendars at only \$1.00 per box, postpaid.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

OR

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. FORM OF BEQUEST follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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Palatable



Dogs love its tasty flavor.

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Scientifically blended ingredients insure the right nutrient balance for better health in every pound.

More
Value



Constant research and quality control mean better food at less cost.



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**Wirthmore
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Meal • Pellets • Kibbled Biscuit
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177 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Write for location of your nearest dealer.

Dollar Diplomacy

YES, in a sense we want to buy friends, but not in the meaning usually credited to this phrase.

What we are looking for are *new* friends, *new* readers of our magazine, *new* animal lovers who will enjoy reading *Our Dumb Animals* and perhaps learn to appreciate animals more than ever.

Have We Met Before?

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